Flora's Farewel: Or,

The Shepherds Love Passion Song.

Wherein he doth greatly Complain
Because his Love was spent in vain.
To a Delicate Tune; Or, *At chuse ad I pity my love I cannot.*

Flora farewel, I must and go,
for if with thee I longer stay,
Thou wilt perswade me to be so,
to love and honour thee alway.
Those eyes of thine I must not see,
for then my heart will yield to thee,
and I shall be undone.

Farewel to beauty and to love,
to kisses and to sweetness too,
for they will make me prove
a faithless wretch to you.
Farewel to smiling and to joy,
for they will make me toy,
and I shall be undone.

Farewel to all those words of art,
which you have taught me to express,
to move the heart,
and please the mind no less.
Farewel to all those sighs and tears,
which you have taught me in my fears,
and I shall be undone.

Farewel to all those charming looks,
which you have taught me for to use,
to all those crooks
which you have taught me to refuse.
Farewel to all those pleasing arts,
which you have taught to move the hearts,
and I shall be undone.

For then must say, 'twas not thy fault,
that thou hast to unconstant prov'd,
Thou wert by mine example taught,
to break thy vows and leave thy Love.

Go Flora, sir, I still recall
the former words which I have spoke,
thou thou hast got no credit at all,
to hamper me in Cupids yoak.

But since thy pleasure is to change,
and thou dost love a wandring mind,
I like to the same with thee it's strange,
and vow I can with every wind.

Therefore adieu Love I'm resolv'd,
and call all figures from my heart,
Things were as dye the loving Love,
I find it but a foolish part.

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The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

Why ſhould I to one love be bound,
and fix my thoughts on none but thee
When on each eyelash may be found,
that's fit ways fair and fit for me.

Though I am but a ſhepherds ſwain,
my mind to me with comfort lying,
Feeding my flock upon a plain,
I triumph like a petty King.

No Female Rat ſhall me deceive,
nor catch me by a crafty train,
Though I no lake, yet I can leave,
and will no longer be beguil'd.

Flora, once more, farewel adieu,
I ſo countlake my Paſſion long;
To thy next lake for that thou prov'ſt true,
for thou haſt hung me double wrong.

A brief Deſcription I will tell,
of thy falſeness, lake and flattery;
How haſt me firſt thou did'ſt excel,
with cunning tricks and policy.

But O that flattering tongues of thine,
and tempting eye ſought to entice,
and to enſnare the heart of mine,
and bring me in ſuch Paradise.

Where thou at firſt began to ſmile,
and with thy ſkill my patience try'd;
you thought there was no maid to be,
but pertinely to ply and tide.

Then ſaid'ſt that I was fair and bright,
and ſtaring like the Morning Red;
whose lov'd my fancy beſt delight:
thinking to have my Maiden-head:

But when thou ſaw'ſt thou could'ſt not get
the ſame that thou deſired to take,
My company then did refrain,
like to a falſe unfaithful Snake.

Whereby I anſwered thee and ſaid,
to ſhun the craft of ſuch as thee;
I would contain my ſelf a Maid,
until ſuch time I were made a Wife.

And ſince you my mind have read,
you may be ſure you ne'er will,
Shepherd farewel, there's nothing left,
I am reſolv'd to lye ſo ſtill.

Blind Cupid with his wounding Dart,
could never make me ſorrow feel,
For not lay that unto my heart,
as others have all with their heel.

Fair *Flora's* Anſwer to the Shepherds Song,

Wherein ſhe ſhows that he hath done the wrong.

Fye Shepherd, fye thou art to blame,
to rail againſt me in this ſort,
Thou doſt M'grace a Sweet-hearts name,
to give thy Love a falſe report.

There was a Proverb uſed of old,
and mine I find it is no lye,
That falſe is good till another's told,
for that loves moſt is leaſt ſet by.

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